Finding Light in the Dark

By Jonathan Olvera

"Oh, I hate reading the Bible!" I used to tell myself.

"I'll never read that book completely!"

For years, I resisted the routine: go to school, attend church, cut down on bad language, and exercise. I wasn't a Jesus freak or a ghost hunter, but deep down, I sensed there was something greater than the frame of existence I had been given.

I saw it in the sky—the grandeur of the night, the contrast of the breaking day. It spoke to me in a language beyond words.

"Oh my gosh," I would think to myself.

"Throw me a sign and let me see you!"

I pleaded with the great, untamed expanse of the universe, with the echoes of a million tons of water. I wanted proof, something undeniable.

Then, one day, I made a decision—to open the Bible. Not out of obligation, but out of curiosity, a desire to understand something deeper. Maybe, I reasoned, the voice of guidance I sought would be found in its pages.

Slowly, something shifted. The days when I accepted malice and entertained wrongful ideas faded behind me. I embraced the church, accepted the Bible, and rejected the darkness I had once allowed to creep into my thoughts.

With constant exercise and prayer, I found a strength I didn't know I possessed. I had been searching for an answer, and the Bible provided it.

Now, I find my strength in prayer, in study, in work, in movement. I no longer resist the light—I welcome it.

I am grateful for the journey that brought me here.

I am at peace.